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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Song. By the Same.

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## S O N G.

By the Same.

STELLA and Flavia every hour  
 Do various hearts surprize;  
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,  
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,  
 And Stella's more confin'd;  
 All can discern a face that's fair,  
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns  
 O'er cultivated lands;  
 Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns  
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,  
 Thy beauty's only store;  
 Thy charms will every day decrease,  
 Each day gives Stella more.